Marinetti enjoys a lack of talent that permits him to indulge in every form of audacity. After the manner of Scapin, he alone makes the sound of a riot when he has got a few silly readers into the bag: Wood![17]

(And now it's *Le Roi Bombancel**)*

He paws the ground and sends up clouds of dust; he curses and swears and massacres; he organizes oppositions, contradictions, and intrigues just for the pleasure of triumphing over them.

Otherwise he is the most charming man in the world with the exception of d'Annunzio; animated in the Italian fashion, which often takes verbosity for eloquence, ostentation for wealth, agitation for movement, feverishness for divine rapture. He carne to call on me some ten years ago and displayed such incredibly polite attentions that they forced me to leave for the country at once; if I had seen him again, I should have been done for; I might have decided he had genius.

NOVEL

The Santa Margherita hotel-keeper (a lawyer, it seems), Milanese, short, and with a beard pointing forward, bright and excessively amiable, serves at table himself; and since he is aided only by a single servant-girl (Austrian but Irredentist), whereas there are twenty of us guests, he hustles about, jumps from one end of the dining-rooin to the other, urges me to have a second helping of a poor dish of which there is too much: "Help yourself again; it's very light!'* says to me as he rushes by: "It's not quantity we lack . , * flies off to give bread to a neighbor, then, on his way by again, finishes the sentence: *. • • &[s] service." The table wine being almost undrinkable, I order a bottle of Barbera; nothing out of the ordinary, but he serves it *wrapped in a table-napkin.* That is the key to his character (worth examining what this might produce in the serious circumstances of life).

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The 15th of August, a holiday, when we were too numerous in the little dining-room, when the lunch didn't begin until one o'clock, and when the "service* lost its head, the main course was a strange stew at *bones,* which he passed me, gallantly leaning over me and whispering very quickly, like a secret: "KnucHe of veal *a h mttanatsel* WHat is called *ossa bucca* in Italian.*

"The great comic scene in Moliere's *Fowberies de Scapin (Tfa De-ceits of Scapin)* is that in which Scapin persuades his dupe to hide to a huge bag from an imaginary band of pursuers. Then Seapin, alone on the stage with his enemy in the bag, simulates a group of thugs and rains blows cm

Carouse, a satiric tragedy in four acts by Marine^
by die Ttt&txe de 1'CEuvre on 2 April 1909 and inspired by Alfred Jarrys ta-
mous farce of *Ubu roi* (1896).